

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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THE IDEAL NOVELIST.

"Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ."—HOR.

The novel of to-day is an outgrowth of the romance of the ancients. The romance, as a distinct form of literature, was unknown to the classic age of antiquity, and did not make its appearance until all of the great epic and lyric poets, with the masters of classic prose, had disappeared. Homer, Xenophon, Virgil and Horace had all passed away before that species of literature called Fiction was first introduced to the world. It was not until about the second century that it made its appearance in the Latin language and a century later in the Greek. The original introduction of the romance was a step in harmony with the growth of civilization. It was an effort—rude at first, to be sure—to represent the conventional epic poem in a prose form. History has shown that the first literature of any people is in the form of poetry, and it takes the form of prose only after

civilization has reached a comparatively high state. Hence it is that the literary mind of the world was becoming more practical and mature when it began to demand that imaginative thought should lay aside its old garb of poetry, and assume the sterner yet more serviceable form of prose.

The novel of to-day in all its varied forms, differs from the old romance principally in this: that while the latter exhibited life upon a plane far removed from the real by means of characters fanciful and exaggerated, the former endeavors, for the most part, to portray life by the image of its true state, and to teach some moral lesson by representing the actual results of human actions, whether good or evil. In the romance the whole plot and the varied occurrences described are weird and unnatural; while in the novel they are supposed to come nearer to the range of the probable. But it is to be noted that all true fiction, whether ancient or modern, is alike in this respect: that it possesses the principal qualities of the epic poem. Originally created to supplant the epic in embodying all the principal creatures of the imagination, except in its grandest, sublimest flights, it has, through all the ages since its birth, retained the primary characteristics of that form of literature which brought it into existence. Most writers concede this close relation of prose fiction and the epic. A certain writer of note says, "Every romance is intended or ought to be a new Iliad or Odyssey." Another says, "The novel, at its highest, is a prose epic; and the capabilities of the novel, as a form of literature, are the capabilities of narrative poetry universally, excepting in so far as the use of prose instead of verse may involve necessary differences." Indeed, this resemblance of the novel to the epic, in its most important details, must be clear to the casual observer even at first sight. For example, it is evident that the novel must have a hero or heroine on whom the story depends; so must the epic. The novel must have the poetic element in it, and its first design must be to please its readers; the same things are demanded of the epic. The novel must have a complicated plot, well developed, and exhibiting some grand and exalted aim

in its treatment; here again the resemblance between the epic and the novel holds true.

We have dwelt thus at length upon the rise and growth of the novel and upon its true nature as a form of literature in order that we may know, as nearly as possible, what the novel of to-day is, and what the distinctive qualities of the good novel are. In view of its relation to the epic poem, just noticed, we are now prepared to affirm that in testing its merit the novel must be viewed largely with respect to its conformity or lack of conformity to the requisites of the former; and, as the novelist can be judged only by his work, that individual can lay claim to superiority only by causing his novels thus to conform to the epic in their primary characteristics. His novels, while all intended primarily to please, must each have some lofty end to be accomplished by its creation. They must all have numerous characters, and, for the most part, ideal heroes. The poetic element must be seen all along; while the mind of the author, exhibiting itself through every volume, must be so grandly versatile as to combine with its creative faculty the knowledge of the metaphysician and the skill of the artist. Thus in the most general way may the characteristics of the good novelist be expressed. There are minor characteristics demanded, of course. The novelist should possess all those qualities which must ever be exhibited, more or less, by the successful writer in every field of literature. He must manifest those qualities in the external form of his writings which will rank him high as an author; and besides he must possess those qualities which especially fit him for work in the particular field he has chosen for his own. Let us notice several of these characteristics.

Among the English novelists of the present century, it is acknowledged that the first place is occupied by Dickens and Thackeray. Opinions are divided, however, as to which of these two should be accredited the higher place. Both have superior excellencies, and both have slight faults. But without expressing any opinion as to the right of either of these authors to the title of chief among his fellows, it must be evident to any one

who has carefully studied the works of both that there is a remarkable difference between them in respect to the manner in which the external form of their writings is constructed. One of the principal characteristics of Thackeray, and what chiefly causes the delight of the scholarly reader of his novels, is the care he manifests in the structure of his language. This quality is not found in Dickens, and seems at times almost to be despised by him. In the novels of the former every sentence is so carefully constructed that the literary taste of the most fastidious cannot be offended in its perusal; while in those of the latter there is much that is written in a careless, slipshod style, and that actually offends a reader of taste by its faulty construction. This characteristic of Thackeray as a writer is an important one, and it should be sought by every novelist. A careful style in writing cannot be too strongly commended in the writer of fiction.

Again: simplicity of language should be an element of a novelist's style. One of the grand features of Walter Scott's novels is their extreme simplicity. Their author was, as every one knows, a humble, modest, plain-spoken man; and every volume of his novels shows his character in this respect. The Waverly novels have been enjoyed, not only by the educated and refined, but by the common and uneducated. They are written in language so simple that every one can understand and enjoy them. Scott made no pretensions to great genius. He wrote for the commoner classes, endeavored to make himself understood by them, and aimed to please them; and the result was that he really proved himself a genius by the use of the very simplicity he sought. Dickens illustrates the same quality. Hardly is there to be found a passage anywhere in his works that cannot easily be understood by the most unlearned. The doctrines he teaches, and the principles he lays down, stand forth as clear as the sun at noon-day in an unclouded sky, through his plain, simple and yet beautiful language.

But one of the most important requisites of a novelist's style, after all, so far as the use of language is concerned, is *earnestness*. If an author have a laudable aim in writing—and no author

is worthy the name of novelist who has not—it should appear everywhere in his works that he feels and believes,—nay, enters with his whole soul into the spirit of what he writes. No novelist, in our opinion, more vividly illustrates this than the author of “Jane Eyre.” Earnestness and vigor of style seem to be imprinted upon every page of this novel; and it is to this, undoubtedly, that she owes nearly the whole of her influence as an author. In reference to this writer, a well-known scholar remarks: “Where lies her power? In the intense earnestness which vitalizes every line; each atom of the author’s life appears to come throbbing and surging through it; every sentence seems endowed with a soul of its own, and looks up at you with human eyes.”

The maxim of the ancients, “*Poeta nascitur, non fit*,” is frequently quoted and is undoubtedly true. And yet there are gifts or characteristics of the true novelist that seem so entirely outside of the artificial, and so certainly Nature’s own gifts, that the statement appears to apply to him equally well. The remaining characteristics to which we shall refer belong to this class. They are characteristics which must always clearly distinguish the true novelist from writers in other fields of literature, and also from those who lay unjust claim to the same title which he properly possesses. Who has failed to notice some of these? One of them is what is called, in want of a better name, *personal magnetism*. It is that indescribable something which is so potent in chaining, from the start, the attention of the reader, and holding it riveted throughout. How often has the success of the novelist been owing to this best of Nature’s gifts! Look for example at the magnetism of Defoe. Who has not, some time in his life, been delighted and charmed by the perusal of “Robinson Crusoe?” Who has not hung by the hour entranced over the pages of that wonderful novel, when all the while, perhaps, he has been unable to explain the peculiar cause of his delight? Undoubtedly Defoe’s power lies principally in this very magnetism, which in his case is so great that it cannot but be felt continually by the reader of his stories, and

which irresistibly entices him on, page after page, through every path of the plot's labyrinth, until he reaches the end, closes the book, and sighs because the author has brought his story to a close so soon.

We have referred to the fact that the novel is merely a kind of poetry. We now emphasize this: that in every case, fiction should be poetry in its highest sense. The good novelist will never, or rather *can* never, lose sight of this fact. He will certainly have that chief element of every true poet's nature—a strong, vivid, healthful imagination. It will follow naturally from the possession of this, together with that magnetism of which we have spoken, that all those variations of wit, humor and pathos which are so necessary in forming the background, lights and shadows of a novel, will fall into their proper places, and ever produce their proper results. And then we repeat that the first object of a novel should be to delight its readers. Lessons of the greatest importance to the world, relating to every form of good or evil—the increase of the one and the abatement of the other—may indeed be taught by the novelist through the pages of his book; but it must not anywhere appear too evident that instruction or moralizing is his chief aim. Truth should be inculcated through the novel, as through the medium of narrative poetry, here and there, in little parcels, and it should be so impressed upon the reader that he may not necessarily be conscious of learning truth until it really enters into his nature and becomes a part of his being. But on the other hand the object of the novelist should not be alone to please; and hence he should possess certain characteristics fitting him for a teacher of mankind; for it is true that in our time the novelist may exert a tremendous influence over the greater part of society. Social and national evils may be attacked by him, eccentricities and follies of men may be held up to their view in such a way as to cause disgust at them, and in fine the very principles of the Bible, in all their bearings, re-stated and emphasized by him. So, in order that he may be qualified for his task, the novelist should be a true student of human nature.

Every phase of human existence should be learned by him. Every element of what we call life should be dissected, laid bare to his gaze, and exactly understood by him. Nor should this knowledge be at all of a superficial kind. "The experience of the novelist," says Dr. Johnson, in substance, "should not be alone that gained from books; it should be of a kind to make him a practical man of the world, thoroughly acquainted with all its wants and needs."

Every novel should have some grand, important lesson to impart. The evils of life are so many and various that the influence of the novel is certainly needed on the side of justice, truth and right. Hence, after all, the most important characteristic of the good novelist is an enthusiastic love of right and a burning hatred of wrong. This characteristic must manifest itself in painting, in all the hideousness of real life, the ugly spots of sin, and the terrible retribution that will certainly follow wrong. And virtue, in the same view, must be exhibited in all its beauty, rising superior to all difficulties, and coming out grandly triumphant at the end. The Fagins and the Sikes should be brought boldly before the reader's gaze, and be made to contrast as strongly as possible with the loveliness and purity of the Oliver Twists. Human nature should be so portrayed that one cannot help seeing and feeling indignation at the baseness and cruelty of the Grandcourts, while he is delighted in the same picture with the dignified, manly virtue of its Daniel Derondas. The novelist should hunt out from the dark and forbidden paths of sin the most degraded characters, as well as transgressors of higher and more fashionable life, and hold them up as lessons to the world; while morality, in the ideal, should be so presented on the same page as to tempt to its adoration and adoption. "Vice, for vice is necessary to be shown, should always disgust; nor should the graces of gaiety or the dignity of courage be so united with it as to reconcile it to the mind. * * It is therefore to be steadily inculcated that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake and ends in infamy."

THE CAREER OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The age of Elizabeth is the most brilliant in the annals of England. The spirit of chivalry still lingered in the hearts and minds of the people, and tended to soften that new spirit of progress and liberty which had so lately arisen. The romance of the old *régime* blended harmoniously with the sterner realities of the new. Feudalism had done its work and had passed away, but the people still clung fondly to its traditions. For years England had groaned under the persecutions of Mary. The fires of Smithfield had burned deep into the heart of the nation.

At the news of the accession of the Maiden Queen, from every heart throughout the length and breadth of the land went up to heaven one united song of praise and thanksgiving. On every hill bon-fires blazed, from every steeple came the sweet sound of the joyous bells as they rang in the glorious age of liberty. A day of peace and tranquillity has dawned at last. Manufactures increase; England becomes the country of commerce; her ships plough the sea from Archangel to the Cape of Good Hope, from Baffin's Bay to the Straits of Magellan. Drake sails round the world, Cabot explores the coasts of North America, Frobisher attempts a northwest passage to the Indies, Shakespeare and Marlowe perfect the drama, Spenser gives to the world his immortal *Faerie Queene*, Sir Philip Sidney writes his *Arcadia*, Cecil and Walsingham guide the helm of state. At such a time of prosperity at home and abroad it was the good fortune of Sir Walter Raleigh to begin a career which was to dazzle the world for fifty years.

If it is true that a great man leaves his impress on the age in which he lives, it is also true that the age in return affects his own life and character. Perhaps not a man in that illustrious era reflects the spirit of the time in as great a degree as Raleigh. Of a romantic and adventurous disposition, he was yet well fitted for the duties of active life. With the pride of the aristocrat he

united the sagacity of the statesman ; with the hardihood of the soldier, the grace of the courtier ; with the chivalrous honor of the knight, the learning of the scholar ; with the fiery spirit of the adventurer, the tenderness of the poet. His youth was passed amid the bloody scenes of the religious wars in France. St. Bartholomew's was written in letters of blood upon his soul, and the horrors of that day he could never forget. His riper years were spent in the service of that country he loved dearer than life. His restless and unstable genius was ever occupied with schemes for her interest and aggrandizement. All honor to his noble efforts to establish a colony in the wide territory he called Virginia ! Again and again he made unsuccessful attempts to accomplish this aim, bending all his energies to the task, but defeated at last by the apathy of the colonists and the malice of fortune. Let that grand old State, the "Mother of Statesmen," rejoice that she has in her annals the name of Raleigh. His prophetic eye may well have pierced the mist of centuries and beheld in this New World glories which far surpassed his wildest dreams or boldest imaginings.

His life was one long struggle with the growing power of Spain. He saw that English and Spanish dominion could not exist together, and as the one increased, the other must decrease. While Elizabeth temporized, he acted ; while she negotiated, he struck. He scoured the seas and sent home to his queen the spoils of the rich galleons of the Indies, until his name became a terror to Spain, and her haughty spirit was humbled in the dust. He entered the harbor of Cadiz and destroyed the whole of her proud fleet. When the soil of his beloved country was threatened by the Great Armada, he, with Howard and Drake, snatched her from the clutches of the hated Spaniard.

One episode of his life is fraught with the deepest interest. From the glare and pomp of the court he turned aside to the quiet paths of learning, and passed a few welcome days with Edmund Spenser. How precious must this intercourse have been to these two men whose paths of life, for a brief season, ran side by side ! What a contrast do they present ! On one hand,

the courtier, soldier, mariner, historian, scholar, poet, philosopher, statesman, whose name inspired admiration or spread terror wherever it was known throughout the civilized world. On the other, the simple Irish poet, leading his quiet life among the hills and by the gentle streams of Kilcohnna, as yet almost unknown to fame. Each must have made less hard for the other the hard places of life, and each must have remembered those few brief hours as one of the brightest spots in his life-history.

It has been often said that events which seem at the time of their occurrence to be only disastrous are turned, in God's all-wise providence, into the most lasting good. If the sun of prosperity had always shone on Raleigh, he would have attained to only half his fame. We would have had Raleigh the adventurer, Raleigh the courtier, but not Raleigh the historian, Raleigh the philosopher. James Stuart had always shown an inveterate hostility towards him, and, shortly after his accession to the throne, Spain's greatest enemy, after the farce of a trial, was convicted of conspiracy with Spain to place Arabella Stuart on the throne of England. For fifteen weary years the morning sun, as he warmed with his cheering rays the cold walls of the Tower of London, looked in upon a man whose head was fast becoming white, and whose tottering limbs showed that he was nearing the allotted three score and ten. Yet his spirit did not grow old with the weight of years, and his love for his country burned with even brighter ardor. From his lonely cell came that triumph of his genius, the *History of the World*, and from that cell he went forth to the busy world once more, to lead a disastrous expedition to the wilds of Guiana, where he endured all the hardships and privations of a common soldier. On his return, Spanish gold and Spanish hate conquered, and his day of life must shortly end.

In the old palace yard, on the 25th of October, 1618, were gathered a great multitude. Ask one of the crowd what it means, and he will tell you that, on a sentence passed fifteen years before, Sir Walter Raleigh is to die that day. Soon there

is a stir in the crowd. See! There comes the noble prisoner; the same knightly mien, the same haughty courage as of old; but now the quiet resignation of an humble Christian, prepared for approaching death, adds new beauty to his countenance. He mounts the scaffold, speaks a few words to the people, lays his venerable head on the block, and—all is over. "O, eloquent, just and mighty Death; whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; whom all the world hath flattered, thou hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the wide-stretched greatness, all the pride, culture and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words—*Hic jacet.*"

NATIONAL INDIVIDUALISM.

VALEDICTORY ORATION, BY R. F. CONOVER, '80, OF N. J.

No tendency in our times is more strongly marked than that towards assimilation. Men are everywhere seeking to class objects and events together, not to isolate and separate them. Theories of universal law, of universal philanthropy, and of a universal language are springing up fungus-like on every side. The Mediaeval Utopia of a universal empire is being renewed in the cry for a community of nations. With the watchword of fraternity and the maxims of peace upon their lips these eager exponents of modern ideas fall fiercely upon the opinions and prejudices of men.

The giant tyranny has been vanquished, the sacred rights of humanity have been vindicated, but there are still many worlds to conquer. Some men are richer, some more prosperous than others; the privileged classes still maintain a footing upon the ramparts of their social stronghold, unshaken by the assaults of these levellers. To such zealots the ancient name of loyalist, the ancient claims of local allegiance, are as the red flag of the matador to the bewildered bull. In the sacred name of humanity

they disclaim the illiberal notion. What have they to do with this country or that state? The world is their fatherland, mankind their countrymen. Down with the artificial distinctions of race, the imaginary barriers of nationality, which prevent the members of the great human family from extending to one another the hands of brethren. What are lakes and rivers, seas and mountains, that they should sever the bonds of a common nature? Come forth, Parisian, and greet your loving brother from Berlin. Your cannon to be sure reddened the streams of Hohenlinden, your great emperor rifled the galleries of Munich and Dresden, the columns that fell upon your battle-worn ranks at Waterloo were Blucher's Prussians; and those were Bismarck's Uhlans who rode so triumphantly through the streets of Paris and Sedan. But what are trifles such as these when the hypothetical interests of humanity are at stake, when the theories of social reformers are hanging upon the verge of acceptance? Banish, honest believer in the perfectibility of mankind, these relics of a superstitious past, these petty jealousies, these groundless feuds. Hang up your torn and blackened battle-flags over the graves of your soldier ancestors side by side with the new-made articles of a world-wide confederation.

But is such a result desirable, even if it were possible? Peace is assuredly better than war, standing armies are useless drains upon a people's resources, a brotherly feeling towards all men is eminently befitting. But if peace is to be won, world-wide fraternity to be established, and the dread engines of war overthrown by the sacrifice of national independence, we have given a Roland for an Oliver.

The principle of nationality is printed in the clearest type upon the book of nature. The rocky steeps of the Alps are barriers as real as language itself. Are the sands of Sahara and the highlands of Scotland fit homes for the same people? Can the Englishman make laws for the Ottoman, and the Ottoman for the German? Until torrid and frigid can unite in a single temperate zone, until mountain and valley can be levelled into

one vast plane, Hottentot and Esquimaux, Switzer and Hollander, must form nations each after his kind. The distinctions of race are stamped eternally in the minds as on the faces of men. Instead of being artificial, they are as natural as the difference between oak and pine; as distinct as the bounds of the everlasting hills. What then is gained by sacrificing or even by modifying the root-and-branch patriotism of our fathers?

National pride is a healthy sentiment. It lifts the mind from a too exclusive contemplation of its own interests and its own desires. It gives to the most degraded a position to occupy, a name to deserve. The smaller the State, the more enthusiastic the devotion of its citizens. But the citizen of the world has no country to arouse his loyalty, no title to support but his own good name. Upon the strict preservation of national individualism hang all those noble feelings, those heroic actions, that cluster around the name of patriot. Away with the false notions of cosmopolitanism! Raise high the banner of your ancestors; beneath its shadow is your true place. Its defenders are your brethren. Shout your country's war cry, sing your country's battle song, and go forth to the conflict true citizens of one nation, true sons of one fatherland.

On the eve of parting as a class—it may be forever—we are here to utter our last farewell. Farewell, prospective as retrospective, a hopeful wish for the future, a pleasant and grateful remembrance of the past.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, watchful guardians of all our interests, again another year brings before your eyes its harvest of minds matured and ripened by study, ready for the granaries of life; and again a graduating class extends to you a grateful Farewell.

To you, our honored President, we may offer the greetings of a closer friendship, the pledges of a more intimate relation. The bonds of respect and admiration which bind us to you, though stretched by a long and wide separation, can never be broken. Your name we must ever associate with the thoughts of the Princeton we knew and loved. May time deal gently with that

reverend head and ready hand, that watchful eye and kindly heart, to which so much is due from all true lovers of Old Nassau. But the time for separation has now come. Not alone as head and formal representative of the College do we address you: our gratitude is for the *man*, and not the office. To our wise preceptor in learning and morality, to our kindly adviser and trusted friend, the Class of '80 says Farewell.

Gentlemen of the Faculty, the seeds of knowledge sown by your efforts are now to blossom and ripen into fruit. For your careful planting and devoted husbandry, our thanks must be ever due. Our place will soon be filled by others. New faces come as the old ones disappear. New food for your labors, new subjects for your favors, are constantly provided, but we are gone forever from the immediate sphere of your influence. Your work is done. The seed has been sown, and can never be uprooted. You have opened to us many a world of thought, have lighted our steps along the ways of learning. As we follow the paths into which you have guided us, our fond recollections will constantly recur to these familiar faces and well-remembered ways. To you, not only as a body, but as individuals; not only as teachers, but as friends, to you, also, must we say a heartfelt, if a sad and regretful Farewell.

Fellow Collegians, who have yet one, two or three years left in your course here, to you the Senior Class would utter its parting word. I am speaking to thinned ranks and to many a heavy heart. The hand of death has been busy in our midst; stealthily, relentlessly, the fell destroyer has crept among us. Youth and health have proved no barriers to his advance; and one after another has fallen a victim. If our classmates have been happily spared, we can still see and mourn for the vacant places among our comrades, and express for them our warmest and fullest sympathies. Upon you, the undergraduates of the College, there falls, in these days of sorrow and misfortune, an especial responsibility. Your best efforts must be given to uphold the honor and preserve the credit of our Alma Mater. We

leave with you our truest wishes and many a sad regret, as we say to you, one and all, Farewell.

Classmates, the time for final separation has fully come. The Class of 1880 has had its day. It has risen upon the little stage of this College world, has played its part, sad and joyous, tedious and mirthful, fortunate and unfortunate. The curtain must soon fall—the curtain which shuts us off forever from these scenes and associates. Other players will take our places; the Life Drama will go on here as it has for more than a century. But our part is over, our opportunities past, our names enrolled in the number of those who have been. A word, a touch, and our course is finished. But all the ties of these four long years cannot be so lightly broken, these tried companions cannot be so easily forgotten. True friendship is a solemn, a mysterious thing; and youth is the golden age of friendship. But the inevitable march of the years is upon us—and what regard has time for the emotions? Friends must now be parted from friends; the tenderest associations must yield to the demands of time, the sternest of tyrants. Yes! the careless, happy old College days are over—over forever. Gone is the labor and fun; gone the laugh and the song; gone with the frosts of winter and the flowers of spring. Hark! Do you hear it? You in the counting-house; you at the bar; you in the pulpit—listen! It is the old College bell, the same old cheerful sound. Did you hear it? No. It is nothing but a dream of the past, a trick of the fancy wandering amid old scenes and faces. I am struggling, pushing, jostled about in the busy throng. I dreamed that those friendly, cheering voices called me. That hearty, helping touch is only a delusion.

Classmates, a parting gaze upon the faces of those we respect, of those we admire, of those we love. Good-bye, my comrades! Another and another of those hand-clasps which speak so much louder than words! A last, full, ringing cheer for old '80! Classmates, again, and yet again, Farewell! And farewell, thou Alma Mater, draped as thou art in the robes of mourning! I see thee in the future, the nursing mother of thousands yet to

come, rising in solemn grandeur from thy crown of storied elms, ever advancing in honor, in power and in usefulness, the delight of thy benefactors, the pride and glory of all thy children !

A SUMMER IDYL.

It was on a gloomy evening toward the end of June, that he first came to us. The last faint gleam of sunset had disappeared in the west ; the wind, which had been moaning among the tree-tops all the afternoon, had risen almost to a gale ; the dreary pattering of rain-drops had given place to the steady pour of a driving storm. The old but substantial house in which my aunt lived seemed doubly isolated, by its situation, and by the fury of the elements, which rendered communication from without almost impossible.

My aunt dwelt on the outskirts of one of the numerous little towns which dot the landscape of Pennsylvania. I had come down from the city for a summer's visit, and had been here a week—a week of fog and cold and damp and rain, without a rift in the leaden clouds that hung overhead. Such weather was disheartening enough anywhere, but here especially, away from home and without society other than that of my aunt and her one servant, a feeling of loneliness and homesickness would at times oppress me. Aunt Miriam was kind, but undemonstrative ; her likes and dislikes she rarely manifested, save only a general aversion to the other sex. Gossip had never satisfactorily accounted for this last peculiarity, for my aunt was, even now, not without attractions ; and as she would never give a reason herself, I had to remain in ignorance. "Milly," she would say, "I haven't a single hard thought against any man, dead or alive ; but I prefer to live by myself." And with this I had to be content.

On the night of which I write, we were seated together in the living-room, making a pretence of working, but really listening

to the dreary pour of the storm without. The steady tick, tick of the clock, the sound of the falling rain, and the otherwise absolute quiet of the room, had the effect of making me first thoughtful, then fanciful, then drowsy. I was fast losing myself in a reverie. Suddenly we heard a distinct tap at the front door—a light, clear sound, as if made with the finger-nail. We started up in momentary bewilderment. The tap sounded again; this time there was no mistaking it. With some misgivings, we went into the hall, and I cautiously drew back the bolts and opened the door.* There he stood, under the shelter of the piazza, wet and dripping with the rain, his head bowed, his whole attitude full of dejection; but the handsome form commanded attention, and his looks and bearing told of a noble and courageous nature. Somehow, I felt no fear. I opened wide the door, and he entered slowly.

My aunt was horror-struck. "Milly, how could you?" she whispered; "you don't know who or what he is, and he may give us a great deal of t——Bless my soul! he must have fainted! Poor, poor fellow!" And, forgetting her prejudices, my aunt ran for remedies, while Katy assisted me in carrying the wasted form to more comfortable quarters than the hard floor of the hall.

I pass over the slow weeks of his recovery. At the first, we despaired of it altogether, but gradually he came back to health. He spoke but little, and seemed worn by past suffering; but his quiet evidently hid a deep reserve of knowledge and feeling. He had a peculiar attractiveness which drew us irresistibly toward him. Aunt Miriam seemed to forget all her old antipathies, and ministered to him with the most assiduous care. The casual remarks he dropped from time to time only heightened our admiration for him and our respect for his learning.

As the summer months passed, his strength slowly returned, and we spent many an hour together, in rambles about the neighboring woods. A spirit of reserve seemed to possess him; at rare times he would grow communicative—almost loquacious—but only to again relapse into his customary silence. He never

alluded to his past life nor spoke of his intentions for the future, seeming well content with his present lot.

But why do I linger over those happy days? They passed all too quickly, and the time came for me to leave the dear old house and return to the city. It was decided, after some reluctance on my aunt's part, that Ronald, as he had told us to call him, should accompany me to my home, and in the city consult about the future. He showed no hesitation in accepting this offer, and my heart bounded with joy at the prospect. Alas! how little did I foresee the trouble in store for me.

I noticed that the motion of the train seemed to confuse him. Not yet thoroughly recovered from the effects of his illness, and evidently unaccustomed to traveling, the newness of the situation quite upset his composure and he became very restless. I left the seat a moment, to speak with a friend whose seat was in another part of the car, and when I came back he was nowhere to be seen. My heart gave a great bound. Where was he, my handsome, noble—yes, my *loved*—Ronald? I questioned every one; I looked frantically up and down the car—even through the train. The passengers joined in the search, and on all sides condolences were offered me. Our anxious search was in vain; he had disappeared, and left only a fond memory behind.

That afternoon, I inserted the following advertisement in the city papers:

LOST.—At or near Scranton, Pa., a green and red *parrot*, answering to the name of Ronald. The finder will be handsomely rewarded by returning it to—etc., etc.

But Ronald never came back.

A PRINCIPLE OF CRITICISM.

Five centuries before Christ, the calm and sober declaration of the wise man of Israel was, that "There is no new thing under the sun."

Is there not something in the old king's conclusion that savors

of pessimism? Was it not the promptings of a smitten conscience stinging him into doubt and remorse? Or was it the happy inspiration of him who had ruled kingdoms, and who had seen from his exalted throne all that human eye can see, and who had shapen the unformed and imperfect lessons of his own experience, mingled with divine revelation, into jewels which are more precious in the temple of human life to-day than the sapphire, the onyx and the amethyst in the temple of Jerusalem?

The spirit of the declaration has been the battle-ground of the critics, not only in the experimental sciences, but also in the department of the fine arts, and more especially in the field of literature. They have advanced, clashed, and retreated, and no victory has been gained, simply because both parties have entrenched themselves in a position invincible; for truth is ever invincible, and truth is the groundwork of both. What then are the tenets of the two great critical schools? The one holds that originality in modern literature is impossible. The other controverts the claim, and says that it is not only possible but actual. Evidently they are waging a useless war on different lines. Like all antagonistic organizations they have departed from their respective creeds, and transferred the venom of a heated enthusiasm into the veins of sound dogmas until they have become bloated and distorted beyond recognition.

Originality in literature is just as impossible as the critics would have us believe, if they will define their limits as being absolute originality. It is just as possible as its advocates would urge it, when they tell us that they mean not creation, but adaptation of the old to the new—the assimilation of the old literary cereals to a new and vital organism. It would seem that if we adopt the one opinion as the standard unit of all our literary criticism, we are obliged to cut loose the mooring of some of the firmest convictions which possess us. Is it possible that, in all the realms of poetry and philosophy, there yet remains no undiscovered country? Is there anything whereof it may be said, "See, this is new?" The critic tells us that he has penetrated the mazes

of philosophy, hand-in-hand with the philosopher, and the only reward of his search were a few chiseled fragments of the grand old pre-historic rock. He brings up the pearls of poetry, but, alas, they have the seal of some predecessor. He would have us believe that the whole brotherhood of *literati* have been guilty of larceny; that the first shoots of civilization contained all the germ seeds of the realities and possibilities of man; that, when Homer, Sappho, Meriander, Virgil, Horace, Plautus and Terence struck the lyre, they played upon all the passions of the human heart, and that the same old themes of love returned, and love unrequited, of envy, hate and revenge, have been the burden of all the subsequent poets. Alas for the old Greek's conception of his ποιητής—the maker. Apollo has expended his song, and the muse-hallowed Parnassus was despoiled of all its God-given treasures before the Christian Era. There is no new outgrowth of the soul, no untried affection upon which the modern *diletante* may ring the changes. Homer was as much a microcosm as Shakespeare, and Virgil could but sing from the inspiration of the same muse that “poured not more bountifully upon the lips of Milton.” We suppose that our cynical brethren are the most rigid exponents of the Darwinian theory; for certainly an organization of apes with human instincts could not more slavishly imitate the tricks of their fellows, than do the literary magnates of to-day copy from some original. Who that has seen the matchless portraiture of human character in the “thousand-souled” Shakespeare, concerns himself about the alleged theft of the plot of Hamlet from some Scandinavian tale? We admit the charge, but, with Landor, we reply, “Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life.” Grant that Milton plagiarized from Dante and Tasso, and they from Homer, and Homer from whom? We suppose that Prometheus must have endowed him. Nevertheless they shall stand like the great peaks of the earth, lifting up their heads above the mists of criticism and defying the wildest storms of accusation and slander.

Originality in the absolute is a negative factor in all literature.

But there is an originality of style, of expression, of method. There is a strange, subjective individuality that sits behind the curtain, that manufactures the thunders and the lightning which appal and terrify quite as greatly as do the soul-harrowing sentiments of the tragedian. We cannot condemn that sort of pilfering, if such it may be called, that would return a thousand fold all that it obtains, or, in the words of Molière, "recover property wherever it found it." The literary man is receptive. Like the coral insect of the sea, he clings for support to the dead skeleton of other men's thoughts, and receives into his own organism whatever the surroundings may give. "What is a great man," asks Emerson, "but one of great affinities, who takes up into himself all arts, sciences, all knowables, as his food! * * * * Every book is a quotation; and every house is a quotation out of all forests and mines and stone quarries; and every man is a quotation from all his ancestors."

Let the advocates of originality season their opinions with judgment and moderation. Let them lop off these unnatural shoots which have been grafted upon their creed, and then we will believe they have found the philosopher's stone for all criticism. It has been the spirit of such criticism that nurtured and developed the popular appreciation of men like Macaulay, Burke, Paley and Byron. Who would blacken that prince of reviewers and essayists with the charge of poaching, simply because he drew some illustrations from mediæval books? No one of the British lords thought of the borrowed figures of Burke's eloquence, when he made them tremble in the impeachment of Hastings. The learned Dutchman who furnished the illustration of the watch to Dr. Paley has left no other legacy to the world. Byron assures us that he "cribbed" whenever he could, and that was the way he got the character of an original poet.

The world is made up of men who have drawn deeply from the reservoir of other minds. They saw a few shapeless fragments in some classic lore, and they burnished them into jewels,

resplendent, glorious. They found a few elements, uncombined and worthless, and by the spark of their own genius they have brought about a new substance, tangible and beautiful. They have enriched our literature. Sympathy, that glowing, out-reaching affection that inspires all great minds, has ever been the mainspring of the poet; for what else is sympathy than the discovery of beauty of nature and beauty of soul, and then the appropriation and assimilation of that beauty to our own mind?

A CHARACTER STUDY FROM SCOTT.

The character of Bertram Risingham, in "Rokeby," cannot fail to arrest the attention of the most careless reader. He seems, by his bold and reckless demeanor, to concentrate upon himself the main interest of the plot, and, though acting an inferior part, really makes himself the central figure of the play. We notice in his thoughts and actions a curious mingling of attributes the most utterly opposed: honor and disloyalty, bold daring and superstitious fear; fierce in his anger against the slightest appearance of timidity or deceit, yet overcome by the one, and ready to employ the other whenever the occasion demands.

The character of Bertram unites wonderfully in a single man the characteristics of some of Scott's most celebrated heroes. As great a villain as Marmion, as great a scamp as Deloraine, his character is completed by the savage fierceness of Roderick Dhu. Forgiveness seems to be alien to his very nature: an injury once done he can never forget until his revenge be satisfied. To him an enemy must always remain an enemy, however noble or generous he may appear.

"For never felt his soul the woe
That wails a generous foeman low;
Far less the sense of justice strong
That wrecks a generous foeman's wrong."

Thus he is unable to comprehend the eagerness of Redmond in pursuit of the murderer of Mortham.

The cruelty of his disposition could not be shown better than in his interview with Oswald. He manifests a callous indifference for the torturing suspense of his employer, and scornfully ignores the hints by which Oswald strives to draw the news from him. When at last the story is told, and Oswald, fearing lest Bertram might seize more than his share of the spoil, proposes that his son should accompany him, Bertram, penetrating with a single glance the shallow subterfuge, contemptuously asks,

"If injury from me you fear,
What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields you here?
I've sprung from walls more high than these,
I've swam through deeper streams than Tees;
Might I not stab thee ere one yell
Could rouse the distant sentinel?"

As Roderick rises above Marmion, so Bertram towers above Roderick Dhu in awfulness of stature and strength of coloring. We tremble at Roderick, but we look with doubt and fear at the very shadow of Bertram, and as we approach him shrink in terror from

"The lip of pride, the eye of flame."

As we have said before, he manifests no sympathy with timid or crafty vice; takes no pains to conceal his meaning, but speaks openly, bluntly and to the point. Vengeful both by nature and training, he never forgets until his revenge be satisfied, and so dear is this feeling to his mind that he risks—even loses—his own life in order to obtain his foe's. A soldier from the sheer love of fighting, he cannot comprehend how men can sacrifice their lives in the maintenance of a principle, and laughs at Cavaliers and Puritans as madmen and fanatics. Still, he is not utterly hardened, and when convinced of his ingratitude labors to his utmost to remedy the wrong he has committed. Realizing that he has been tricked by Oswald, and that Mortham has always been his friend and benefactor, he turns against the former

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the full force of his hatred, and sacrifices his life in an act of retributive justice. Whether we see him scaling the cliffs in desperate course, or breaking from the midst of the burning castle, or among the terrific circumstances of his death, we mark his "race of terror" as the tropic sun ;

"No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay ;
With disc-like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed ;
Dyes wide the waves with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night."

In spite of his many bad qualities Bertram at times so overcomes hatred by admiration that he is almost pardonable for the sake of his energy alone. There is a charm about this spring of mind that bears down all opposition, and though we may hate, we are forced to admire.

VOICES.

WE all remember the fable of Echo, which Ovid has told so beautifully ; how she pined away in her love for Narcissus until nothing was left but her voice, which is still heard in the woods and on the lonely mountains ; and we can appreciate the feelings of awe which the sound of the human voice, coming back from a wild, rocky height, must have given to those who heard it for the first time.

How wonderful is a human voice. Mere sound, yet filled with all the melody of meaning. A voice may be the weakest thing, but when it has the momentum of a great soul or a noble cause it is often the strongest thing, and can move the world. Long ago, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" stirred all men by its strong crying ; and since, many voices have been heard speaking from the wilderness of sin and want and suffering, in tones that have thrilled men's hearts with deep, responsive

feeling. A gentle woman's voice uttered from a full heart the "Cry of the Children," and all England was stirred from its selfish apathy and roused to earnest action. Most of all have these voices, instinct with the warmest feeling of the heart, had power among men. How many have been charmed by the voice of a beautiful singer, owing its power simply to its beauty and those exquisite modulations that are the language of feeling. And there are voices from out the thronging life of College—disembodied spirits—each the utterance of a human soul, and vivified by the tones of him who uttered it; some light and airy as a summer's cloud, some heavy with meaning, some sad, some gay—tones as manifold as life itself. Some sweep the whole range of human feeling, and awake harmonies in all; while others find but here and there one who feels their influence; yet each that is a true voice, and not an empty sound, finds in some breast a responsive chord.

JUST now, at the beginning of the year, when Hall topics are occupying more attention than any other subject and when the Hall question is racking the brain of every new-comer, I would like to write a few unprejudiced words upon the subject, for the benefit of these new-comers. This voice is not for electioneering purposes, and it is written in the interest of neither Clio nor Whig. To commend to the careful consideration of those who are yet out of Hall the need of joining one or the other, is the purpose of the writer.

Some fellows go through their entire course, and many go through a great part of it, without becoming members of either Hall. To do this is a great mistake. If the Halls do really offer us benefit, the man who keeps out of Hall throws away a portion of the good to be derived from his course here. If you ask the advice of any one of our Professors, he will advise you to enter Hall without doubt and without needless delay. If you ask any graduate of this College, he will say the same. Perhaps you think lightly of the freely-given advice of under-

graduate members of the Halls, for you consider that their motives are not disinterested; but you cannot thus lightly receive the words of our Professors and alumni.

The grounds of this advice are plain. The Halls are among the best means of bringing fellows together and getting them well acquainted with one another. This is true of those in the same class, but it is especially true of those in different classes. The Halls tend, more than all else besides, to acquaint the various classes with one another. Thus a man's circle of friends is greatly enlarged, and class distinctions and class feelings are greatly lessened by them. Greatest of all is the benefit of these societies as literary organizations. We often hear the complaint that English literature and English studies in general find too small place in our curriculum. This complaint is partly just, but a man who makes the most of his Hall advantages has far less reason to complain thus than one who neglects Hall. The practice in writing and debating there enjoyed, is very beneficial to any man who works. The College course in rhetoric and speaking is well supplemented by the Halls, and strength and consequent self-reliance are increased, as they can be only in such societies.

In the light of these facts, this voice would urge all who are not already members of Hall to become such now. Do not put it off until next year, for by so doing you are throwing away just one year's benefit. Choose deliberately which Hall you wish to enter, and then enter it immediately. Above all, do not stay out because you are timid and would be afraid to take any part in Hall. If you feel thus, you are the very man that needs most to join, and the very man to derive most benefit from it. Join Hall.

THE grand old Catskills are beautiful from every point of view, whether you see their dim outlines traced in the distance, or stand in their heart, with the forest-clad mountains all around you. To sit and gaze upon them, day after day, gives one

unending pleasure, for the ever-changing lights and shadows, the clinging clouds, and the unmovable hills themselves, are ever presenting new beauty and grandeur. But it is only on a more intimate acquaintance that we can begin to see the beauty that is hidden among those hills. What vast and rare treasures there are, which repay those who search in the Catskills! Wild ravines and quiet little valleys, nestling among the hills that stand guard on every side; mountain streams and roaring waterfalls, and glimpses of distant country from high and favored points of view—all these things, and many more, are seen by those who tramp through the Catskills, while thousands spend summer after summer in their midst and never dream of the hidden beauties and glories that a day's walk would reveal.

Probably the most beautiful spot in the Catskills is the Platterkill Clove. It is beautiful as you ride along the road, as you see the mountain walls on either side, and hear the sound of the running water in the gorge below; but if one would really see its beauty, he must leave roads and carriages behind and climb up the Platterkill itself, jumping from rock to rock, ever pausing to look back and look ahead, to see and feel the changing glory of the scene.

One afternoon we entered the Clove and scrambled down to the stream at the bottom of the gorge. There we rested on the rocks and drank in the scene. We could trace the course of the stream below us, and ahead we could see little cascades, one above another; and a bend in the Clove a little further on gave the mountain side for a background, while the sun of the early afternoon shone down between the lofty walls, giving a hundred lights and shades, and turning every bit of spray into a rainbow. Near us, some little boys and girls were playing, wading in the water and jumping from rock to rock. The contrast of this pretty scene with the grandeur all about us, made each more beautiful.

As we climbed up the Clove, it grew wilder and steeper, and the tiny plunges of the water were now changed to grand falls, and always there was enough bend in the Clove to give the

mountain background, as we looked ahead. Every now and then we had to forget the view and devote all our energies to clambering up some steep, rocky path; but when we reached the top we were always more than rewarded by the new scenes which presented themselves to our view. From these heights, we rolled great stones down the paths up which we had climbed, and we listened to the crashing and rumbling, and the dull thud, as they struck the rocks at the bottom or plunged into the water. This seemed to give us a better idea of the grandeur of the place.

At last we came to "Prospect Rock." The view from that rock cannot be half described. All the little bends in the Clove below are lost, and you see the mighty walls skirting each side of the long vista, and at the end, miles of country spreading out, covered with spots of woods and fields, separated by the finely-traced roads. Further still, little bits of the Hudson can be seen, and beyond that plains and hills fade away in the distance. All is covered with the sunlight and the shadows of the clouds which hang in the sky overhead. There is not another such view in the Catskills.

DEAR LIT.—I trust that your high literary taste will not be offended by a subject so trifling, but I want to say a word about Lawn Tennis.

The popularity of the game has steadily increased, as it ought; for no other pastime is more healthful and entertaining, or capable of a greater display of skill. But to my mind there has been but a weak attempt at anything like scientific playing among us. Proficiency has never been known, though many may have been capable of it.

Of course the comparative novelty of the game is a sufficient excuse for that, for the rules have been either misunderstood, changed, ignored, or often entirely unknown.

No such excuse will hold good now. The Newport and Staten Island tournaments, in which our English cousins took part and

in the latter instance carried off the palm, have not only expounded the ordinary English rules, but have given such points as are essential to the best possible game.

The helter-skelter batting of last year never did and never will make good players. What is necessary is, first, a regularly organized club, with a title suggestive of its character, and having simple by-laws strictly conforming to the English rules.

No doubt for several reasons it would be better to form a club in each class, each having substantially the same constitution. For, in the first place, four different clubs would furnish the same number of men with more nets than a single large club, and would in every way better accommodate their members. And again, an honest rivalry would stimulate each club to the production of the best players. Many other inducements commend this plan to us.

Secondly, I would suggest that the grounds be more carefully prepared by the usual methods, and the courts marked out according to the above-mentioned rules.

Finally, a College tournament could easily be arranged between the clubs, which would contribute much to the advancement of Tennis and to the entertainment of non-members and visitors. Why should there not be a series of class-championship games in Tennis just as well as in base-ball? Moreover, if the different clubs become sufficiently skillful, match games might be played with corresponding clubs of other Colleges. Our success in such games would depend largely upon the adoption of at least some of the points suggested, and those interested will do well to consider them. They may say, "Oh, Tennis is a simple girl's game, and doesn't need any such red-tape nonsense. We only play for the fun of it among ourselves." Of course. So does every one. But there is twice as much fun in a game when it is played according to rule and with spirit awakened by rivalry. Besides, if so great and accomplished a people as the English deem it worthy a place in their national bouts—as it is likely to become in America's—shall Princeton men fail to evince their usual pluck and proficiency in a game in which they are interested?

J. M.

THE list of "prizes, scholarships and fellowships," in our annual catalogue, is quite well filled out, and displays to advantage the generosity of Princeton's friends. We students are indeed well treated in this matter. This being the case, it may seem like "looking a gift horse in the mouth" to find fault with the way in which these "rewards of merit" are administered, yet we are so bold as to say that, judging from the accounts of successful prizemen, there is a superfluity of red tape in the matter. The prize-winner makes application to the Treasurer; he is sent to the Registrar for a certificate stating that he and no other is entitled to that prize; bringing this back to the Treasurer, he receives an order, unsigned, for the amount of his prize; this last he must take to the President's house to obtain his signature, and then he can go back to the Treasurer and receive his money, well-earned now, certainly, if not before. It seems to us that a man of sufficient ability to win a prize in this College should be so well known as to obviate all danger of payment to the wrong man even if the greater part of this formality were done away with. Why should he not receive the money immediately on application, hand over a receipt, and be done with it? Such a method of procedure would add nothing to the Treasurer's labors, would be vastly more convenient for the recipient of the prize, and would, as we have said, be very little, if any, more subject to danger of fraud or mistake.

ONE of the events of the past month, that of electioneering for Hall, leads us to a consideration of the results which arise from this practice. That any benefits are secured by it, is, to say the least, doubtful; that many evils are entailed, is apparent to all.

The contrast between the past and present actions of the Halls is somewhat painful. In the days when the "Well-Meaning" and "Plain-Dealing" societies were in operation, if a man's name was proposed before either, there was an interval of a week or two before it was finally acted upon. During this week, the man's character, his peculiar traits, his personal habits, his

conversation, his abilities—in fact, his life, inner and outer, so far as it could be known, were closely scrutinized by all. If he was received, it was to his honor; if rejected, to his disgrace. The direct result was that Halls were filled with good members, and their influence was great.

But how is it now? Instead of receiving men of worth or real promise only, a mad scramble for superiority in number has ensued; good and bad indiscriminately are openly received. The inevitable result is that the outward influence of the Halls is greatly diminished; for if a society winks at or sanctions unworthy conduct in any member, so far is it to be chargeable with such conduct. In the same degree does this injure the internal power of the Halls. If men hurry into them without due consideration, more to escape being bored than for the sake of the benefits which the societies offer, they are apt to make listless members, destroying the life of the society and giving nothing in return. These same ones might make good hall men if they were left to enter of their own accord, with a proper idea of the importance of the step. If now they are induced to enter carelessly, they are almost sure to remain careless.

Electioneering manifestly causes men to lower themselves in their own eyes and in the eyes of others, by exaggerating, misrepresenting, or distorting facts, by button-holing and toadying to comparatively unknown Freshmen, by lying, deceiving, and by using those petty arts which low politicians continually employ, or by trumping up some absurd arguments which, for the time being, pass for current coin; for the character of our societies renders it impossible to learn anything definite about their proceedings without members betraying secrets and so their honor.

It may be said that electioneering does not cause these evils, and that men should be restrained from them by their own sense of manliness; but there are some men who cannot refrain from such practices, and so far as the societies do not put a check upon such men either by reward or punishment, so far are they to be held accountable for their misdeeds.

If the treaty did not fulfill all for which it was intended, that

was not a reason for breaking it, for it certainly did some good. It was rather a reason for rectifying its mistakes and so satisfying the sense of justice of each Hall. Let a new treaty be made, or at least let something be done to remove these contemptible practices from our midst. X. X. X.

EDITORIALS.

THE Faculty do not seem inclined to place upon any particular person or persons the responsibility for last spring's malarial trouble. That it was caused by glaring defects in the system of drainage, is not disputed; but the blame, they say, rests largely with the original architects of the dormitories, who did not give to the question of sewerage the importance it deserved. And in fact it is easy to see how those in charge, during the past winter, with the College in perfect health, and the drainage system, pipes and connections in good running order and seemingly safe and pure, did not once think of apprehending such a calamity as came upon us. Those who blame severely certain officers of the College should remember that up to the first alarm all the arrangements about the buildings had been thoroughly efficient and healthful; and an inspection seemed no more necessary than would one of every hotel and public building in the land, where the sanitary system gives no evidence of being otherwise than perfectly safe. It did not seem necessary. No one knew there *was* to be any trouble until it arose. Then all that could be done was done. The College was promptly closed in the face of the danger; even Commencement week was cut short; and during the summer a thorough overhauling and improvement in drainage has been made. Campus and town now seem perfectly free from febrile influences, and we may say with confidence, that there is no danger whatever to be feared from a return of the trouble.

That there is "nobody to blame," is by no means the verdict we would give. The responsibility for eight deaths and many more cases of sickness must rest somewhere. It is too awful to be cast into the air or upon the ground. But let us remember that the blame is not to be laid at any one man's door, nor is it to be proportioned to the sad results. No one would voluntarily provide imperfect sewerage to kill off the students. The fault, wherever it lay, was almost entirely of neglect, or perhaps ignorance (the science of sanitation is yet in its infancy); and the College authorities, by their prompt and thorough remedial measures, have certainly vindicated their own regret at the sad event of the spring and their determination to spare neither trouble, time nor expense to prevent its recurrence.

THE base-ball record for the season of 1880 shows a gratifying advance over the few years just preceding. The nine, under the efficient captainship of Mr. Horton, won the championship of the Inter-Collegiate Association, and that they failed to defeat Yale, and so win what the *N. Y. World* called the "nominal championship," is largely to be attributed to the sickness of some of the players and to the unfortunate arrangement of the games. It is rather to be regretted that the second game with Amherst, which practically decided the question as between Brown and Princeton, should have been won by forfeit and not by playing. But we feel confident that the nine, having long ere then recovered from all the exhausting effects of the tour, would have been able to add that to their list of victories, even if Amherst had come down to play. At all events, there is certainly no ground for the statements which rumor attributes to Amherst men, to the effect that the game was not fairly forfeit; for, that the game was ours and that we were thereby champions of the association, was acknowledged in so many words in the very letter which came to say that the Amherst nine could not come.

And now a word for the coming year. We have, of course, no new ideas to present on the subject of training. It is the

same old song which is sung by the College papers at the beginning of every year, and yet which comes with renewed pertinency every time it is heard. If anything, it comes home to us now with a little more emphasis than before. Of the nine which last year won the championship but four members remain in College. Certainly, with five places to be filled by new men, there is need of a general interest which will prompt every man who has the least fitness, to try for "the University;" of a most diligent care in selection; and of the most constant and thorough training. If these be shown, there seems to be no reason why we should not at least make a very close fight for retaining the championship already won.

One thing was learned from last year's experience, and that was the folly of so arranging the games on the tour as to compel the nine to play game after game, on successive days, with little or no rest between, until, when the time for the last game comes, they are almost too tired to swing their bats. This became evident to every one, and there needs no note of warning here to induce our representatives to correct this evil in arranging next year's games.

THE custom of holding a mock election in College on the presidential election day is handed down to us by tradition. We are glad to see that it is not to be departed from this year. There are some old practices which seem to be falling away, and to which we can bid farewell without a pang of regret. Like Launce's dog Crab, we "shed not one tear" at the parting. In fact, we rather rejoice to see that hazing, for example, with all its dangerous and brutalizing tendencies, is fast becoming a mere memory—a story of the past. And there are other traditional usages still clinging about College and College life which might well be buried in oblivion. Not so with all, however. This custom of a College election is one that no one need wish to get rid of. True, there are some sources of excitement, (and therefore, perhaps, pleasure,) belonging to the real election that one

cannot expect to see here. There can be no delightful uncertainty about the result, no conflicting claims and predictions, no bribery and fraud, no bayonet rule and no bull-dozing. We must get along without these seemingly necessary features of the great world of politics that lies outside these "classic walks." But there are many things connected with and peculiar to such a canvass as this which will make it especially interesting; and perhaps, under the stress of the campaign excitement, some new and heretofore unsuspected talent may be developed. The College, therefore, is to be congratulated on having already got to work. One party has held a mass-meeting, nominated candidates for President, Vice President and Governor, and selected a campaign committee; and the other party, as we go to press, is expected to follow suit very soon. The signs are favorable for a vigorous campaign on both sides, prosecuted with energy and enthusiasm, and attended by considerable excitement.

WE had hoped to find Prof. Raymond occupying a permanent place in the Faculty, and were disappointed at not seeing him on our return this fall. After a year of his training, the College would find it hard to go back to the total lack of oratorical instruction in which the upper classes, at least, are left. As the next best thing, it was pleasant to learn from our Professor of English Literature that there is a probability of Prof. Raymond's coming once more, under the same conditions as last year—devoting a part of the time to Williams and the rest to us. While this does very well, temporarily, however, it is to be hoped that the "powers that be" will soon realize the propriety—almost necessity—of giving us, permanently, Prof. Raymond or some other efficient instructor in this important branch. The excellent results of his not very extended stay among us, shown by the high character of '80's chapel stages, will, we hope, be repeated this year, and so furnish an additional argument for the permanent establishment of a Professorship in Elocution.

WE are, on the whole, quite pleasantly surprised at the appearance, inside and out, of the new dormitory, Edwards Hall. No one expected very much architectural beauty, and no one is grievously disappointed. The outside appearance is at least as attractive as its beginnings promised last year, and is by no means deserving of the wholesale condemnation which would-be art critics, constitutional grumblers, are disposed to throw on it. The rooms themselves more than fulfill all our favorable expectations. They are much larger and more convenient than seemed possible when we saw them in their unfinished state last year; and altogether the building makes a welcome addition to the College property. Besides, it supplies a lack long felt in Princeton, and occasionally referred to in these columns, of comfortable rooms in a College building, at a rental more nearly approaching the cost of an average room in town.

Of other changes on the campus, it is sufficient to say that they were made necessary by the unfortunate sickness of last year, and are, we are assured, but temporary in their present form.

OWING to the sudden closing of College in May, it was found, of course, impossible to publish a June LIT., and a September number is accordingly issued in its place. As there was no competition for the prize essay, it will be carried over until the October number, in order to insure a worthy contest. Members of the Class of '80 are eligible to the competition, as it is in place of the June contest, which they had the right to enter. We hope the prize essays will be vigorously competed for this year. The prize is larger than those given in Hall; there is no distinction of classes in the trial; and the successful competitor has the additional reward of seeing his name and work in type. Let not only the Seniors and Juniors, but the Sophomores, and even the Freshmen, try for the honor. There is certainly nothing to lose, and a little hard work may bring a considerable gain.

The prize story is to be given for the November number, and the next prize essay in December.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

MAY 21ST—Base-ball, University *vs.* Harvard.....Theatricals, "Our Boys.".....Whig Hall Essay prize awarded to G. D. F. Day.....Clio Hall Freshman speaking; first prize, Noble, '83; second, Royle, '83.

MAY 22D—Base-ball, University *vs.* Harvard.....Gymnastic contest.....Theatricals, "Our Boys."

MAY 29TH—College closes.....Inter-Collegiate games.

JUNE 1ST—Base-ball, University *vs.* Dartmouth.

JUNE 3D—Base-ball, University *vs.* Brown.

JUN 4TH, 5TH, 7TH—University *vs.* Harvard and Dartmouth.

JUNE 23D—Commencement Day.

JUNE 28TH—University race at Philadelphia.

SEPTEMBER 8TH—College opens with address by the President.

SEPTEMBER 9TH—Matriculation.

SEPTEMBER 11TH—First practice game of foot-ball. Fresh-Soph. rushes, under Matt's supervision. Both sides claim victory.

SEPTEMBER 15TH—Farr, '81, elected leader of the Glee Club; Jackson, '81, business manager.

SEPTEMBER 16TH—Base-ball game for Class championship, '82 *vs.* '84; won by '82; score, 6 to 1.

SEPTEMBER 17TH—'81 *vs.* '83; won by '81; score, 2 to 1.....Evening, Preliminary Cane spree. First contest, between Flint, '83, and King, '84; won by Flint; time, eight minutes. Second contest, Hawes, '83, *vs.* Morris, '84; won by Morris, in fifteen minutes. Third, last, and best, Rogers, '83, *vs.* Colman, '84; won by Rogers, after a close fight..... Good Preliminary—first-rate ring—lots of fun—"Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Charlie!" Fresh. and Soph. clawed and spit like cats and dogs—all in the family—what's the odds?

SEPTEMBER 19TH—Fresh Proc. appears—decent, to its credit, but worse than flat.....Class championship game, '81 *vs.* '84; won by '81; score, 8 to 1.....Evening lecture on Hygiene, by Dr. McDermott. A good-sized audience listened to, and, we hope, inwardly digested the Doctor's wholesome advice. The lecturer began with a brief introduction, including remarks on

the so-called epidemic and a tribute to the memory of James P. Shaw, one of its victims; and then launched out into a mingled professional and frank Western style, which pervaded the lecture throughout. Though much was well known, yet so drolly and forcibly did the speaker put his precepts that they could not fail to be of benefit to all. His illustrations were intensely realistic, as, for instance, the scene on the Plymouth Rock, where "the swan-like necks and finely-chiseled mouths bowed to the sway of the despot stomach and paid tribute to Neptune." Dr. M. has evidently great faith in gruel or stir-about, not only as a cure for dyspepsia but as an element formative of canny Scotch noddles and Scotch brawn. His advice, too, as to how typhoid fever could be avoided, was simple and good. He carefully shunned scientific statements, and made the whole lecture no less humorous than instructive. He closed happily with congratulations to the College.

SEPTEMBER 21ST—Class game, '81 vs. '82, won by '82; score, 11 to 14.....
Lecture in the evening on the Nature of Agnosticism, by the Rev. Robert Flint, D. D., Professor in University of Edinburgh.

SEPTEMBER 22D—Class game, '83 vs. '84, won by '83; score, 7 to 1.....
Faculty out on the campus *en masse*, selecting a site for Marquand Chapel.

SEPTEMBER 21ST, 22D—The Wycliffe Semi-Millennial Bible Celebration; Convention of Delegates of the Bible Societies of New Jersey, at the State House, Trenton; music by a double quartette from Princeton College, "representing the Nassau Hall Bible Society." An extended programme occupied the Convention for two days. Appropriate addresses were delivered by a score of prominent men from the State, including Dr. McCosh, Dr. McLean and others, of Princeton; Messrs. Cortlandt Parker, Barker Gummere, Rev. W. S. Langford, Hon. John T. Nixon, Ashbel Welch, and many more. The College delegation did justice to themselves and their College, and received a vote of thanks for their services. Business was transacted, officers enrolled, etc., and the Convention closed with a very promising outlook for the Society and the cause in which it is engaged.

SEPTEMBER 23D—Class championship game, 82 vs. 83; won by 82; score, 11 to 2.

'38, E. S. CLARKE, in town the other day.

'79, CHAMBERS, teaching at Freehold.

'79, SEELEY, ditto at Newark Academy.

'80, WEED, polling at the Jefferson Medical.

'80, MENTAL SCIENCE FELLOWSHIP resigned by Paxton; transferred to Reid.

'80, MASSIE, engaged.

'80, GUILLOU, after punning all summer with the "pearls of the shining sea," at Atlantic, has settled down to theology at the Philadelphia Divinity School.

'80, JACKSON, law, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'81, PORTER, *not* gone to Yale. *Princetonian* please copy.

'81, BLYDENBURGH, DANFORTH AND WEBB, in Europe this summer.

'83, NOBLE, reported gone to Harvard.

'83, WELLES, gone to Lafayette.

PROF. K., "How are you now, boys?"

FOUR OF OUR COLLEGE TRAMPS stopped over night at a farm-house in New Jersey, sang themselves to sleep with "Little Jack Horner," and the next morning refused a warm breakfast and went off. Query—Not *who*, but *what* are they?

ASK B. W. to whistle for you. See if he won't grin.

ON THE CAMPUS. Good-looking Senior to soft ditto—"The walks are too narrow, aren't they?" S. D.—"Yes, and they'll never seem wide enough till we have co-education."

WAH-HOO-WAH, wah-hoo-wah, wah-hoo, wah-hoo, wah-hoo, wah-hoo-wah! is said to be the national cheer of the Fiji Islands, and corresponds literally to our Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! or at Dartmouth to Errór! Errór! Errór!

WILL IT TAKE half a dozen broken legs to get lights in Reunion entries?

"AMUSEMENT" = 'turning away from the Muses,' is good. But how about turning away from Terpsy Cory and Polly Hymnier?

SCENE, the cannon after the rush. First Fresh.: "Hullo! there comes Matt." Second Fresh.: "Say, will he arrest us?"

ANOTHER SCENE, same. Fresh. to classmate: "A Junior told me to mingle in with the crowd—I don't know what for. Guess it's to shake hands with the Sophs."

"I ALWAYS WAS considered forcible."—B—m. Especially in foot-ball; yes, very.

THE O. P. SEEMS to have drifted away from her moorings.

PROF. MARKING ABSENCES, "The scientific students are pretty full."

IT IS RUMORED that whereas the Philadelphian Society is deemed insufficient to cope with certain existing evils, a new organization is to be formed entitled, "The Princeton College Union Bulgarian-American Class-Contention-Obliterating Association. "Now I tell you anoder ting."

'83's CLASS TEAM plays foot-ball at the unearthly hour of 12 A. M.

NEW MEMBERS of the Glee Club, Fleming, '83, first tenor; Baker, '83, second tenor; Ernst, '82, first bass; Robinson, '81, and Shanklin, '83, second bass.

OUR E. C. ADVERTISES a thorough system of "horse" coaches, between New York and Philadelphia. The Tally-Ho's coming. Ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra.

WHIG HALL COMPETITIVE DEBATE: First prize, Day, '82; Mentions, Peebles, '82, and Hibben, '82.

THERE is a health doctor named Janeway,
 Who has a most cheeky, insane way,
 With his friends the committee,
 From far Boston city,
 Of expending the cash
 In a way that is rash
 Oh ye gods, what a trio,
 Setting up between Clio
 And Whig, so unsightly,
 A-er-er-um-ah.
 Of upheaving the campus,
 And raising a rumpus,
 With pulling up drains,
 And putting down mains,
 And destroying our wealth
 For the sake of our health,
 By despoiling our rooms
 And their contents, with brooms,
 While consigning what's left
 To the innocent theft
 Of the Witherspoon-streeter,
 Or feet that are fleetier
 Than dactylic metre.
 With all their quack rules
 For sewers and cess-pools,
 Do they take us for fools
 To be goaded like mules,
 And submit to our fate in this tame way?

THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES in Lawn Tennis begin Tuesday, October 5th. Entries close October 1st. For further particulars apply to J. A. Webb, '81.

MOTTO for lawn tennis players, "Ich dien."—*Punch*.

ESSAY PRIZE, Clio Hall: 1st, G. F. Greene, '82; 2d, R. G. Hallock, '82.

YOUR SEDATE SENIOR never remembers to have heard such a catawauling on the campus before. His first thought was that Mr. Bergh's outlawed felines had been let loose on the town, and were holding high carnival with the home canine community. It was plain enough, however, when the hideous uproar shaped itself into a ghastly "Hur-rah-rah-hur-hur-rah-hur-rah-rah-rah-tiger-tz-tiger-boom-tz-tz-boom-bah-bah-bah," that Freshmen were in it.

HIBBEN, '82, took the Math. prize.

THE EPIDEMIC has at last brought seats on the campus.

THE J. O. CONTEST has been set for October 20th, and the Lynde Debate a week earlier. The reason given for the divorcement is "sanitary reasons." Surely a crowd of visitors will not infest the College and town. We suggest in order to make it absolutely safe, that there be no music unless Prof. Little's band will serve, no gowns nor programmes, and that it be held in the Chapel. Let it be kept dark, so that the College can have all the fun to themselves with perfect security. But it is rather hard luck on the contestants.

CLIO HALL, September 10th, 1880.

WHEREAS, We have heard with heartfelt sorrow of the death of our former brother, JOHN H. COOPER, of the Class of '80, and although recognizing in this dispensation the workings of an All-wise Providence, yet feel deeply the loss we have in him sustained; be it therefore

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved family our warmest sympathy in this their affliction; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in *The Princetonian* and *NASSAU LIT.*

In behalf of the Cliosophic Society,

D. A. HAYNES,
J. L. KIRK,
E. S. SIMONS,
H. H. WELLES, JR.,

Committee.

MURRAY HALL, September 11th, 1880.

WHEREAS, Since we last met as a society, it has pleased the Almighty, in His infinite wisdom and love, to remove from us by death three of our fellow-members, JOHN H. COOPER, IRWIN B. SCHULTZ and NORMAN H. KINGSLEY;

Therefore, We desire to express our sorrow for the separation which we must bear for a time, our sense of the loss that we have met with, both in our meetings and Christian work, and our real sympathy with their families and friends.

In behalf of the Philadelphian Society,

WILLIAM S. DODD,
CHARLES E. CRAVEN,
GEORGE C. FROST,

Committee.

WHEREAS, God has seen fit, in His all-wise providence, to remove from our midst our esteemed classmate, JAMES P. SHAW; and *whereas*, in him the Class of '81 of Princeton College has lost a friend and a brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy in this their affliction.

Resolved, That as a mark of our appreciation of his worth, and our sympathy with their sorrow, the class wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *NASSAU LIT.*, *The Princetonian* and the *Dayton (Ohio) Journal*, and that a copy be sent to his afflicted family.

THOS. W. CAULDWELL,
RICH'D. D. HARLAN,
DAVID A. HAYNES.

PRINCETON, September 15th, 1880.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased God, who doeth all things well, to take home our much-beloved classmate, IRWIN B. SCHULTZ; therefore be it

Resolved, That the three years of our fellowship have taught us to feel how feebly resolutions of this nature can express our sorrow when we mourn one whose generous heart, sunny spirit and Christian character have endeared him to each of us, and whose shining talents gave promise of such noble manhood.

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in their deep affliction.

Resolved, That in token of our loss we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days, and that these resolutions be sent to the family and be published in the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*, *The Princetonian* and the *Boyetown Messenger*.

In behalf of the Class of 1881,

CHAS. G. TITSWORTH,
CHAS C. ROBBINS,
WM. T. VLYMEN,
T. W. CAULDWELL.

HALL OF THE PHILOSOPHIC SOCIETY, September 14th, 1880.

WHEREAS, God has seen fit, in His unerring providence, to remove from our brotherhood, by death, IRWIN B. SCHULTZ; and *whereas*, we feel in his death the loss of a sincere friend, a zealous advocate of all that he believed honorable and just, and one whom we all had learned to love and esteem because of his manly character; be it

Resolved, That we extend to his grief-stricken family our heartfelt sympathy in our common bereavement; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and also be published in the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE and *The Princetonian*.

In behalf of the society,

CHARLES C. ROBBINS,
CHARLES E. CRAVEN,
PAUL MARTIN,
H. M. LANDIS,

Committee.

PRINCETON COLLEGE, Princeton, N. J., May 26th, 1880.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His divine providence, to remove from our midst our beloved classmate, MONTAGUE R. ELY; and *whereas*, we feel a deep sense of the loss we have sustained in one who, during the short time he was among us, gained the esteem and love of all; therefore

Resolved, That we, the Class of '82, extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family and friends; and

Resolved, That in token of our sorrow we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and also be inserted in the *Cleveland Leader*, *Cleveland Herald*, *Cleveland Plaindealer*, NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE and *The Princetonian*.

In behalf of the class,

ALFRED T. BURT,
BURT S. CHAMBERLIN,
JOHN G. HIBBEN,
LIVINGSTON RUTHERFORD,

Committee.

WHIG HALL, May 26th, 1880.

WHEREAS, God, in His inscrutable providence, has seen fit to remove from us our esteemed brother, M. R. ELY, of the Class of '82; therefore be it

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy of the members of this society be extended to his bereaved family in this their affliction.

Resolved, That the hall of the society be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and published in *The Princetonian* and NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A. C. ARMSTRONG,
T. W. CAULDWELL,
SAMUEL LLOYD,
WILLIAM SCOTT,
CHARLES HEWITT,
D. W. WOODS, JR.,

Committee.

PRINCETON COLLEGE, September 15th, 1880.

Since God, in His unerring providence, has seen fit to remove in mercy from our midst our loving friend and brother, FRANCIS PENNINGTON, we, his bereaved classmates, do hereby express to his parents and friends our heartfelt sympathy in their and our affliction, and mourn with them the loss of a bright intellect and a loving heart;

and, as a token of our deep regard for the departed, suggest that the class wear a badge of mourning for thirty days; and that a copy of this expression of our sympathy be inserted in *The Princetonian* and the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*, and sent to the bereaved family.

For the Class of 1883,

ED. H. RUDD,
FRED. N. RUTAN,
ED. M. ROYLE,
Committee.

HALL OF THE CLIOSOPHIC SOCIETY, September 13th, 1880.

WHEREAS, in view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our friend and associate, FRANCIS PENNINGTON, of the Class of '83, and of the still heavier loss borne by those who were nearest and dearest to him; therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal from our midst, we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our esteem and respect; and

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family in the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to visit them; and

Resolved, That this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy be tendered to his family, and be inserted in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, *The Princetonian* and the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE*.

On behalf of the society,

CLINTON S. DAY,
FRED. N. RUTAN,
PENNINGTON RANNEY,
WM. H. ROBERTS,
Committee.

PRINCETON COLLEGE, September 15th, 1880.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to sever the bond that united us to our friend and classmate, JOHN C. RAINSFORD; therefore

Resolved, That we, the Class of '83, in appreciation of our loss, express to the afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy; and

Resolved, That the members of our class wear a badge of mourning for thirty days; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his afflicted family, and be inserted in the *NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE* and *The Princetonian*.

In behalf of the class,

OTTO CROUSE,
JAS. S. HARLAN,
WM. P. FIELD,
Committee.

WHIG HALL, September 24th, 1880.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst JOHN C. RAINSFORD, of the Class of '83; and whereas, this society has lost by his death a member whose talent pre-eminently betokened success in life; therefore

Resolved, That this society extend its heartfelt sympathy to his afflicted family and friends in their bereavement.

On behalf of the society,

Z. K. LOUCKS,
H. S. PRENTISS,
W. WELCH,
Committee.

PRINCETON COLLEGE, September 15th, 1880.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call to his eternal home our friend and classmate, ALFRED W. MARKS; and whereas, we feel that we have lost a brother eminent for manliness of character, for the gentleness of his disposition and for his Christian spirit; therefore

Resolved, That we, the Class of '83, extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family; and in token of our loss we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE and *The Princetonian*.

A. W. WILSON,

C. DUNNING,

F. E. HOSKINS,

J. A. HODGE,

Committee.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

WE VERY much fear that gossip in a September number will be stale, as our news is four months old; but we were told that three pages of racy, spicy matter must be forthcoming. About the quantity, we feel little anxiety; of the quality, our patient, forbearing readers must judge. We will ask the public to imagine that No. 2 is a June number, as it would have been but for our unfortunate and sudden adjournment; we can now "talk base-ball." We had fancied, during all the summer months, that we were at least the nominal champions, having yielded to no nine except Yale, who, however, was not in the Association. That view, as far as we have been able to discover, is substantially correct. But, besides this, we fondly took pride in the fact that our boys had won the laurel by their own muscle. Now, that's where we were mistaken, deluded friends. We will summon as a witness, "a most unwilling witness, gentlemen," the Amherst Student. This is its deposition, viz.: "Princeton has realized the fondest hopes of her confident friends, and stands at the head of the list, with six games won and two lost. She met one defeat in Amherst, and would have received a second, had not our nine, indignant at their unfair treatment by Brown (whose record is five games and three lost) resolved to throw the championship into the hands of the yellow-jackets." How kind, and how magnanimous! Did you ever see such childlike, ingenuous conceit before? Amherst beat us by the tremendous score of four to one(!) even when our 1st and 2d basemen were unable to play, on account of sickness, and when our nine was "broken up" by eight games within the two preceding weeks, by all-night journeys and the consequent loss of sleep, by rough stage rides and miserable diet. No wonder she laid this flattering unction to her soul; if she could beat us in such circumstances, how much

more could she beat us when we were on our own familiar grounds, where we had our full nine out and in good condition?

Now we admire such unselfishness. If a pie disagrees with your stomach, or if you can't get it for yourself, give it to your friend. Thanks, dear innocent student. Is there anything we can do to return the favor?

Then there's Harvard—Harvård, with the accent on the ultimate. There they think that the Inter-Collegiate Base-Ball Association was a failure. May we ask in what respect? Certainly not as far as Princeton or any other nines, who weren't at the foot of the class are concerned. "No; that's not it," so the *Crimson* says. The rub was that "Harvård men wouldn't turn out to see any games except those with Yale; it was found impossible to collect large crowds to see games with *small* College nines, even though they were superior to Harvard." Ah! Indeed! That is a new rôle. Most Colleges would turn out to see a tight game with any rival, and especially with an unexpectedly dangerous one, who, presumably, should be inferior. If Princeton men feared a defeat, or even a close game, with a very much smaller institution than herself, *e. g.*, Rutgers or Stevens, we are sure our men would be anxiously watched and encouraged by a crowd. Is Yale alone a foe worthy of Harvard's steel? Is the manly brawn and muscle of small Colleges beneath the "enchawed" strength of "Cambridge?" Harvard has about twelve hundred men from which to choose nines, teams, etc., while Princeton has not got five hundred, and Dartmouth, Amherst and Brown have still less. We therefore suggest that Harvard withdraw from such "small" company in base-ball, and in foot-ball, especially, which is an "awfully" rough game, "you know;" and play only with the gentle, Lamb-like wearers of the blue. There is mourning at Harvard over *Lampy's* death, or, rather, graduation. We are sure all the College papers send their mournful regrets to the funeral.

Yale is very much worked up because two of our last-year's team are at the Harvard Law School, and she is certain, according to the *Record*, that "they will willingly help her old ally against their common foe—Yale." "Harvard," we are informed, "has always had such a poor reputation at foot-ball, that she will doubtless be glad to receive aid *even from Princeton*." Even from Princeton! Well, well; that sounds suggestive. Does the champion foot-ball team hail from New Haven? Poor Yale; she's afraid that Harvard, 100, will beat her at foot-ball. Hard luck.

At dear Vassar all is quiet and serene. Indeed, at '81's class-day elections, recently held, all the elections were unanimous. What a "perfectly lovely" class. We propose—no, that word would be ambiguous and might commit us—we rather suggest some members of the class be sent to Princeton. Such favored souls should embrace—what an unfortunate word—should seize every opportunity of doing good missionary work. We next read in the *Miscellany* that they have laid in a new *stock of hose* at Vassar. What a horrid pun. Striped, or solid colors? Oh, excuse us—beg ten thousand pardons. The next clause explains what, we must confess, made us blush for shame. The hose is for the campus. Now, there, we've put our *foot* in it again—(worse and worse),

What we mean is, not that the hose is only used on public occasions, but that it is used to water the grass. Eh? Understand now?

The news from "Our Lady of Angels" is distressing. Our esteemed and brilliant contemporary, Mike Flaherty, the 'Change man on the *Index*, is out again—is loose—on the rampage. He has left the convent for New York, bent on a murderous errand—that of taking the scalp of Chancellor Crosby and the editor of the *University Quarterly*; and for what? All the unoffending, harmless editor did was to make some complimentary but perhaps familiar remarks about that angel in disguise—Katy Medici. Mike, in an open letter to his victims, makes the passing but comforting remark that no Huguenot or son of a Hugue will be found in heaven. We suggest that our sanitary authorities quarantine the town against such a character.

It iz with unfaned plezure that we wellkum the *Fonettic Advokate* tu our busum. It bringz encourraging noos from Laughyet Collij. Thare the glorious cauz uv spellin' reform iz bumin'. Onward the grate army uv the benny-factors uv the race is Marsh-in, and from this hedquarters uv enlitenment kums the cheerin' noos uv the widning inflooenz uv theez grate princerpuls. We sellect won instanz, jest won out uv menny, uv notabul convershuns, viz.: "The Carroll (Mo.) *Record*, in an editorial, sez that it 'acepts and adops them al, i. e., the faiv (5) rulz uv the spellin' reform) and dezairz it 2 be rememberd that it iz the furst paper in the State uv Misuri 2 publish and publiekli adop the faiv rulz uv the Spellin' Reform Asoshiashun."

At Brown they are chuckling over the fact that three buildings have been erected during the past three years. Pshaw! we'll bet creams that they ain't nawthin to compare with the building which has gone up in our campus, like magic, in one short summer. Our building, Alexander's chateau, is, as Judge Green wittily called it, "a brown-stone—shanty." We venture the remark—and we make it advisedly, and in full possession of the facts—that there isn't a building which can compare with it in uniqueness of design, in severe, chaste elegance of finish, and a convenience in situation and arrangement.

The year at Ann Arbor is divided into two semesters, instead of terms.

One of the Commencement orators ('80) at the Northwestern University delivered a speech on "Moses and Mahomet." He lisped; so it couldn't have been Paden, starring *incog*.

But we hasten to assure the anxious public that the country's safe; the College of the City of New York has a *Free Press*. Its motto is: "A day, an hour of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage" ! ! ! ! ! Beludd! Beludd! The editors publish the paper, while the publishers return the favor and edit it. So it is kept dark by tall, judicious lying. All the editors have to do, when cross-examined by a cruel, tyrannical Faculty, is to say: "Dunno; go to the publishers;" while the publishers send them back to the editors. This beautiful mechanism—a sort of circular, intermutual, alternate, interchangeable arrangement—can be kept up indefinitely. The air of mystery about the paper, its secrecy, its bold, intrepid defiance of a

grinding despotism, stir up the old revolutionary blood in our veins. There are several rhetorical conundrums which the first number throws at a helpless public, which we will try to answer, viz.:

"Cowardice asks—Is it safe?" Safe? Why, Johnny, if any one knocks a chip off your shoulder, just send him around in this direction—when we're out. When we are out, the Exchange man will be in, ready and willing to exchange the e-pistol-ary compliments of the season. "Experience asks—Is it politic?" Now, Johnny, you've got us. Never having been a Nihilist editor, we really couldn't say; but there is no doubt your life is in danger. Insure heavily, is our advice. "Vanity asks—Is it popular?" Popular? Humph! My! Yes. Your edition was exhausted in five minutes—in a glance; i. e.—well, we had better not explain. But "Conscience asks—Is it right?" Oh, yes; there'll be no trouble about that; that'll be all right. Go ahead! Sick 'em! Down with the tyrants. Get on a tare, Johnny; get mad; break a few chairs in your sanctum; spit, and say d—n. Our hearts are with you in your deadly struggle for "Libaaty." BELUDD! GORE!

EXCHANGES.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I., Sc. III.*

HAVING called around upon the various Colleges with our friend the "Gossip," and having, under his escort, seen what is being done elsewhere, perhaps you would like to drop into our sanctum for a little while, and see what the exchanges have to say for themselves.

We pick up first what is easily the best, the *Yale Lit.* Though it is the June number, its matter is not such as to be rendered out of date by the few months that have intervened. It opens with a thoughtful, manly article called "A Thought in Retrospect." The author touches a vein that is of deep interest to every thoughtful College man—our American College system, as it is and as it ought to be. Among other things he says, "Men cannot feel that their course has made them more scholarly, or even very much widened their knowledge. They find that the classics still remain, after years of study, so far as enjoyment of them is concerned, a sealed book. They chafe at the restraints of their school-boy subjection to marks; they fret at the narrowness of the optional system." After speaking of the proposed remedies—making the classics optional, abolition of the marking system, more lectures, &c.—he says, "But not in any of these, nor in all of them, will the advance that is sought be found. We cannot strengthen or broaden a building from the top: the foundation must be first secured. So long as Freshmen Classes are what

they have been, so long as men come to College with the attainments and untrained minds of children, so long must it be the part of the College to enforce discipline and thoroughness, even at the apparent sacrifice of learning and culture."

The writer, although he exhibits what is, in our opinion, an undue admiration for the English system, has but voiced the opinion of all thinking men who are familiar with our College system, that there is need for a deep and radical change. What that shall be is a question that can only be safely answered by a wide experience and lofty superiority to the trammels of medieval systems. Of the other literary articles, a poem called "An Afternoon with Tennyson" seemed to us the best, and to be decidedly above the average production of the College versifier. The "Portfolio" is bright, chatty and sensible, and very near our ideal of such a department. We had supposed it to be the work of some one editor, but find that, like our "Voices," the articles are contributed. During the last year the largest contributor was not on the editorial staff.

THERE is in the *Acta* for June but little of interest to any one outside Columbia. We clip, however, the following from an editorial on the College crew: "Now whatever fortunes they may have at Philadelphia or Lake George in their coming races, we are strongly in favor of taking adequate measures whereby they may cross the Atlantic and contend at Henley in 1881." Truly their faith is great.

IN the *Yale Courant*, with its soon-to-become-inevitable supplement, we find the following: "From the bottom of his Yale heart the student hopes that in some grand essentials the Yale spirit will never change. But he hopes to see it more refined, more scholarly, more courteous in its treatment of lower classmen, who are presumably gentlemen, and it seems to him should be treated as such even if they are visibly green and unacquainted with Yale ways; less arrogant in its transactions with other Colleges, who, as he believes, do sometimes complain with good reason of 'Yale's bull-dozing.'" This is good advice, sister Yale, and coming from a friendly pen, has double weight.

THE *Chronicle* (University of Michigan) is full of Commencement. One writer says, "It is quite a common remark among strangers that Commencement here is rather dull compared with the Commencements at other institutions;" and, without disputing it, accounts for it on the following grounds: There is no speaking by members of the graduating class. Instead there is an address by "an older man, who has tested and proved the truth or falsity of the different paths of life." There is no prize-speaking, nor any contests between the various literary societies. Verily they must have exciting Commencement exercises out in Michigan. We notice that in the most prominent place in their advertising columns are announced "The full and complete lectures of Col. R. G. Ingersoll," with such subjects as "The Mistakes of Moses," "Hell," &c. We trust that Col. Ingersoll is not one of those "older men" who address the students at Commencement, and "who have tested and proved the truth or falsity of the different paths of life."

BUT here comes *Vassar Miss.*, and we must review her courteously. It is according to the eternal *fitness* of things that the first article should be a review of "Sartor Resartus," the "Philosophy of Clothes." It is well written, and the writer has evidently read with appreciation "the Sage of Chelsea." A rather gushing article on "Mr. Blaine as a Statesman," follows, which is decidedly eulogistic in its tone.

THE *Belatrasco*, speaking of *The Princetonian*, says, "Thank heaven, we have received an exchange that contains scarce a line from the everlasting tribe of rhymers that hover about the College press." As we ponder this, and then remember "El Ultimo Suspiro," (the last perspire,) we are forced to exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen!"

THE *Amherst Student* contains five poems, two of which are each over four columns in length. It is really too much to ask us to read them all; we should say, however, that they are Commencement poems of various denominations, and so of course it is not expected that they will be read.

THE *Yale Record* opens with greetings to the various classes. Among other things that are said to the Freshmen are some remarks of such wide application, so suggestive and free from all taint of irony, that we quote them for the benefit of our Class of '84: "Each one of you young gentlemen can take the valedictory unless you prefer the salutatory. There are of course certain conditions to be complied with. You will meet them upon every examination, but remember that you cannot take the valedictory except upon conditions. Get them, then, as many as you can. The more you get, the sooner you will be able to deliver a valedictory to the class and a salutatory to your parents." There are three or four—shall we call them poems?—the best of which, entitled "Waking," closes thus:

"The spell is loosed; my dream is dreamed,
And my vacation ended."

As is natural, there are some "Nursery Rhymes." Here is one—

"There was a small boy had some powder,
And in trying to make it go louder,
He succeeded so well
That his friends couldn't tell
His remains from a dish of clam chowder."

TO SEE "rushing" by daylight advocated, is enough to make the boldest Soph. cry, "Hold! Enough!" Yet the *Dartmouth* does it with a *nonchalance* that makes one suspect that their rushes are under the supervision of the Faculty à la ever-to-be-remembered rope-pull! Before introducing the innovation here, we would recommend that the rushers have "Matthew's" commentary on the subject.

THE *Free Press* is a new bi-monthly, hailing from the "College of the City of New York," and is, as we are informed, "published by the editors and edited by the publishers," which is a pleasing distribution of labor and relieves both parties of a great deal of responsibility. The general style of

the first number resembles that of a high-pressure locomotive which must "blow off or bust." It appears, from its tragic tone and the air of mystery which hovers about it, to be living a proscribed and outlawed existence. The *Echo* and *Mercury*, also from the C. C. N. Y., have met with a sudden and untimely fate. There are dreadful rumors of editors expelled or *suspended*, and issues suppressed—(are we a free people?) There is a salutatory poem, from which we extract the following :

" Deep in our mask, by Tyranny debased,
The flaming legends once again shall yield
The heritage, by conquering patriots traced,
On many a fierce and bloody battle-field."

We don't know exactly what it means, but it shows their dark, despairing resolve, and must be something pretty bad !

BOOK NOTICES.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY. George P. Rowell & Co., Publishers, New York, 1880.

Every tyro in advertising will see the necessity of such a work as this. Fifteen years ago, it was extremely difficult to procure a list of the newspapers published in this country, and no arrangements at all were made by which one who advertised on a large scale might have access to a great number of papers at special rates. Messrs. Rowell & Co. have aimed to supply this "want long felt," and the eleventh annual number of their Directory is probably as complete and useful as it is possible to make it. It names and places all the newspapers in the country, stating their character and kind, size, circulation, subscription price, &c., and gives various lists and classifications. To a newspaper man or an advertiser, the book is almost indispensable.

THE LITTLE TIN GODS-ON-WHEELS; OR, SOCIETY IN MODERN ATHENS. A Trilogy after the manner of the Greek. By Robert Grant. Illustrated by F. G. Attwood. Cambridge: Charles W. Sever. Price, 50c.

This witty little satire first appeared in the *Harvard Lampoon*, and was so universally popular that it was thought best to publish it in separate form. The wisdom of this is shown in the fact that it is now passing through a third edition. It is a humorous sketch of fashionable society at the "Hub," and yet the popularity with which it has been received in New York indicates that its sprightly wit can be appreciated by any one familiar with the shams of fashionable life. The inevitable weather, as a topic of conversation, is satirized in these words :

" Oh, how much sharper than a serpent's tooth
It is to talk to barometric girls !"

The illustrations are clever, and heighten the effect of the whole.